A-MAYING.

BY EMMA CARLETON.

Sweetheart, let's go a-Maying
Unto the woods away!
We're almost froze; 'twill warm our toes
To caper half a day.

Ah! let us hence a-Maying
Out in the fields so green,
With sesish in cloak and feather toque
You'll make a daisy queen.

Come, let us go a-Maying
From city din afar!
Oh, don't say nix! we'll take not bricks
You need not get catarrh.

Yes, let us hence a-Maying,
'Twill be so jolly droll
Without a flower to deck the bower
Or even wreathe the pole.

A-Maying—Maying—Maying!
To gaily dance and sing—
No matter if we do freeze stiff—
We'll do the proper thing.

ESTES PARK.

[By H. H., in the Charleston Union.]

"Lamb's" is another of the odd little log-cabin inns of Estes Park. It is the most picturesque and interesting of the three; lies in a bit of meadow close at the foot of Long's Peak, 9,000' feet high, yet grass, oats, potatoes, turnips, thrive there, and the best lettuce and peas served in the Estes Park Hotel are brought down from "Lamb's" in August.

A curious sign swings high up on posts in front of it; so much higher than the cabin that it seems as if it had run out on stilts to make sure of arresting the traveler's attention:

LONG'S PEAK.
RUS TIC.

On the other side is the more ambitious statement:

Long's Peak
1880.
House.

Except for this, travelers would scarcely think of stopping at the tiny cabin. It has but four rooms, with a low garret overhead; yet there have been nights when twenty people have slept under its roof. Parties making the ascent of Long's Peak spend the night there; and the two infinitesimal bedrooms opening from the sitting rooms are in demand all summer. The ranch is the property of a minister of a sect more nearly allied to the Methodist denomination than to any other, the "United Brethren of Christ." Mr. Lamb was for many years an itinerant preacher, going about almost like Paul and Barnabas, "breaking bread from house to house," and with neither "scrip" nor "two coats" for the journey. Eight years he spent in this manner in Colorado. But during all this time there was more or less present with him the vision of the inevitable future in store for the old age of poor ministers. He observed what was done for them; what became of them; that conferences voted sometimes $30 a year to a superannuated, helpless old man. He said humorously: "I made up my mind that I would preach the gospel as long as I was able, but I wouldn't live on $20 a year when I was too old to work." Very wisely, therefore, in his Colorado circuits he began to search for a homestead which should be the nucleus of provision for the future of himself and his family. In crossing over this mountain meadow at the base of Long's Peak he observed its fertility; also that it was always warmer there than in the valleys below, well open to the sun, sheltered from winds by the mighty bulwark of the peak and its spurs to the west; also by the high peaks to the east. The place grew in his esteem year by year as he journeyed back and forth. He had no rivals to contend with him for the possessions of the spot. When he settled there and proposed to raise grain and vegetables he was laughed at. But those who win laugh last and longest. It takes three barns now to hold his hay, and on one little field just behind the cabin he raises 100 bushels of turnips each year. He has another ranch in Southern Colorado where he raises stock. Here he takes his family in winter. His sons are growing up hardy and industrious farmers and stockmen, his wife has been cured of serious lung disease and is now a well woman, and the vision of poverty-stricken old age, supported by voted charities from church conferences, no longer disturbs his peace of mind. A very wise man in his day was Brother Lamb when he did this thing, but rather the better preacher will he be to the end of his preacher days by reason of his hay and oats and turnips and peas and the money they will bring him.

Very few dollars have as yet gone into the building and arranging of the little house. It is only a rough log cabin, inside and out; but there are books on the wall of the sitting-room, and comfortable chairs; a lounge, and an open fire; and everything beyond these "savors of superfluity" so far as simple comfort is concerned. The dining-room is lighted by curious oblong windows, very narrow and high up, which add much to the picturesqueness of the room. The kitchen is only a sort of a lean-to shed, built on, as an afterthought, when the place began to grow into an inn. A stream of mountain water runs swiftly through it, low down in the middle, and steps lead down to a round, well-like cupboard, whose coolness and convenience city housekeepers might well envy. The stream comes out by the side of the kitchen door and runs along the fence of the small, white-paled yard, keeping everything green and fresh.

A little girl ten years old, with yellow hair and beautiful tawny brown eyes, set the table while her mother prepared our lunch. She was an eager-eyed, sensitive child, full of interest in everything in their wilderness life; brought up dozens of wild flowers she had pressed, and was anxious to know their names; old magazines full of ferns and brakes she had, and a bottle of red fluid she had herself made out of the juice of the petals of a wild flower called "Indian paint"—"beautiful red ink," she said it was, and offered to give us a bottle of it to take away.

The child was only five years old when they brought her to this ranche; and from the beginning she showed a passionate love for the place.

"It seemed that first summer as if I'd never get a chance to get my work done at all," said Mrs. Lamb, "for Jenny wasn't content one minute in the house, and there had been bears seen about here, so I didn't dare let her go out alone; and she wasn't contented, either, to play right round the house where I could see her; she always wanted to get off, farther and farther, into the woods and up onto the hills. I went out to walk with her all I could; and it did seem as if I'd never get back into the house. She'd tire me clean out walking. She used to coax me along farther and farther. She'd say, 'Just come to the next rock,' and then to the next, and the next, till we'd be miles from home. It seemed as if there wan't any satisfying her. And she's just as fond of it now as ever. She's been up to the top of every one of these mountains with her brothers. She'll climb where I can't begin to. She picked the gooseberries this fall's made of 'way up on the Twin Sisters—where you see those highest bushes growing; that's a great gooseberry patch; more than an acre in it, and it's 11,000 feet up. You wouldn't think berries'd ripen good up there, would you?'

Passing the lake, the road leaves wild and unbroken moors and opens, still slowly climbing till it touches the top of a ridge from which the "Lamb's" meadows lie full in view, and the chasms in the sides of Long's Peak are seen in full grandeur. From below they look like faint inequalities and shadows; here they are huge chambers and successions of abysses. The top of the peak is still so far up in the air that it looks like a sharp point against the blue.

"Don't look as if there was whole acres flat out there on the top, does it?" said Bob; "and it's full o' little piles of stones, where people that's been up there has left their names an' all sorts of writin'; seem's if everybody wanted to leave word he'd been up there. Don't no why.'

We left Estes Park on the 20th. It was one of those days of supreme beauty of air, atmosphere, color, of which only September knows the secret. As we journeyed down steep canyon up which we had so painfully groped and stumbled in the darkness three days before, we felt a fresh sense of resentment against the dishonesty which had robbed us then of the sight of so many miles of its wild and picturesque beauty. We drove into the village of Longmont just as the sun went down. For half an hour the pageant of its setting had been spreading farther across the heavens, till the East was as gorgeous as the West; the whole round horizon was piled with cumulose clouds of fiery and crimson; rays, like aurora rays, shot up to the zenith; the vast stretch of plains beneath glowed with ruddy color; moment by moment the hues altered—gold turning to crimson, crimson turning purple; ineffable radiances streamed in all directions across the sky; it was a picture never to be forgotten, even had it had nothing save its own solemn beauty to emphasize it. But as we turned suddenly from the open plain into the little village street a darkness fell on our eyes; every roof—lintel—threshold—was draped in black. The sight, coming in one swift second upon the dazzling splendors of color on which we had been gazing, smote us with almost a terror, as if the skies had been swept by a black pall while we gazed.

"He must be dead," we whispered, hardly hearing our own voices.

At the first little house we stopped, and of a woman leaning in the doorway we asked the question we did not need to ask.

"Yes. At 10:30 last night he died," she answered, in a tone grief-stricken and reverent as if it had been a father whose death she told. Even while she spoke the radiance faded in the sky; the masses of crimson clouds turned dark, and began to roll away in the south. Mutely and tearfully we watched them, and said in our hearts:

"My father! my father! The chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

That Historical Gatling Gun.

The London Daily Telegraph, commenting editorially on the fight at Batoche, says: 'General Middleton seems to have neglected the precaution—one of the most necessary in Indian warfare—of guarding his flanks and rear from attack. On a sudden an alarm was raised from behind. A large body of rebels had crept through the bushes and made a determined rush upon the guns, which were feebly guarded. The Canadian soldiers took to their heels and broke for shelter, leaving the guns seemingly at the enemy's mercy. Fortunately, however, there was a Gatling gun which had been sent to the front, accompanied by an expert to show how its machinery worked. Captain Howard—for such was the name of the amateur who on Saturday last preserved General Middleton's force from what might have been a crushing disaster—quickly turned his piece upon the advancing enemy. The harsh grating noise of the machine gun was heard above the din as its dauntless manipulator poured a never-ending stream of bullets into the ranks of the astounded rebels, sweeping the leading files away. With a yell of surprise the foremost assailants were arrested in their onward course, and the rest fell back hastily and in disorder into the sheltering bush. The day was saved, but no pursuit of the baffled enemy seems to have been attempted. On the contrary, the rebels held their own from the rifle-pits which they had dug behind the village, and, according to the report of an eye-witness of the day's proceedings, the event of the collision between the two opposing forces can not be pronounced a victory for General Middleton's men, much less having been accomplished than was hoped for.

After thus praising that enterprising drummer, Captain Howard, the article concludes as follows: "Riel, however, is said to be supported by several Irish-Americans who have made their way from New York, Boston and Chicago to the scene of action; and, unless greater vigor and ability are manifested, it is not impossible that this small bush fire may grow into a vast and serious conflagration."

Nothing is nowadays complete unless there be an "Irish-American," an "American clock," or a "man with an Irish-American accent" in it. The British public and the British press have Irish-American on the brain.

White House Gossip.

[Washington Post.]

It is doubtful if the President will go out to the Soldiers' Home cottage after all, as he finds the White House a very pleasant place to live in, and does not care to resign a certainty for an uncertainty. Although he has frequently driven through the grounds of the Home, he has not yet made a personal inspection of the interior of the cottage in which it is supposed that he shall spend the summer, nor has any transfer been made of articles from the White House to the cottage. Within the last few days the conservatory has been completely cleared of flowers, except tropical plants, and they have been placed in position on the north and south fronts of the mansion and in the beds near the fountains. Visitors to the White House have noticed and commented upon the beauty of the grounds and their surroundings, and the President is always an enthusiastic participant in such conversations.

"With the return of Miss Cleveland there will be a renewal of the social gayeties at the White House, for when she is at home there is rarely an evening that she does not have company in the red parlor. Miss Cleveland has become very much attached to Washington, and one of her first utterances upon reaching the family sitting room—as the red room is called—was, 'How glad I am to be at home again. Everything looks so bright and cheerful.'

Mrs. Colonel Lamont will remain at the White House with her husband and daughters for some time to come, and it is probable that Colonel and Mrs. Lamont will rent a house when they leave the White House. He has been offered a choice building lot in the West End, and may conclude to build. A pretty sight to be witnessed every morning at the White House grounds is the feeding of the gold fish in the fountain by the little daughters of Colonel Lamont. The President takes a deep interest in all that these little people do, and occasionally he accompanies them in the morning to witness the feeding of the fish.

The Motive of the Play.

[Boston Post.]

Some one says: "A play must have motive." Most of them have, and it seems to be to get people to pay $1.50 to see a twenty-five-cent show.

NEW MEXICO.

An Interesting, Gossipy Letter From Santa Fe.

The to Key the Western Gate—The Navajo Blanket—Chicago Lumber for Building—The Indian Question—The Church Worship, Etc., Etc.

SANTA FE, N. MEX., May 27.—A week works wonders in one's opinions, and the wonders of the works of nature will allow no apprehension, however well confirmed they may be in the end. So I find myself filled with questions and answers and of great projects and propositions looking toward the benefit of these people. For centuries the town has been the key to the Western gate, and yet she is a rusty old key that has been thrown as de for one of new casting. We will speak of the old key.

The town of Santa Fe is connected with the main line of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Road by a branch line running east to Lamy, which is simply a junction for the connection. The railroad has everything its own way, and the lack of competition is the drug to the place. The Denver and Rio Grande Road reaches Espinola, a point thirty-five miles to the north of here, and a roadbed is graded to that point, but by some feat of railroad legerdemain the owners of the right of way have acquiesced in the desire of the A., T. and S. F. to have no competition. The town is of about 7,000 population, though but about one-half only can be realized. The adobe brick or "dobey" houses are plentiful, and a brick or frame house or building is the exception. The adobe houses are generally one story high, though quite a number are two stories. The walls are never less than two feet thick, and very often from three to five, while the roofs are composed of about three feet of earth resting upon strong, rough rafters, which project over the walls. The roofs grow grass and often flowers, and many dwellers have made beautiful little flower gardens on the roofs of their "dobey" houses. The streets are exactly what we would call alleys, with just room enough for two vehicles to pass through side by side, but drive close. There are no sidewalks except around the plaza, or public square, and there also the streets are wide enough in all reason. The "dobey" houses are warm in winter and cool in summer, though it is advisable to drive the damp air out by fire during the rainy season. There are not as many rats and mice as one would suppose, and no vermin of any kind. The fuel used is the pinon tree, from the mountains, and has to be burned "endwise" until the fire is well started. There is no timber on the mountains except this. The lumber used here is bought in Chicago, hence a very sensible reason may be given for an absence of frame buildings. The business is largely general merchandise, and there is little done in the way of special attractions in the mercantile sense. The hotels are good, the Palace being the principal one, but there they'll wear the hide off your money in the most approved style. The Exchange comes next, and was opened some months since by two young men, who are fast gaining the trade of the place, especially the traveling class. Their terms are reasonable and they are courteous and agreeable. The other hotels are accommodations solely and have only such trade as circumstances compel. The people are genial and hospitable; a slight inclination to raise things and play poker among the young, a blind eye-side, to such things, is noticeable in the old. The only simon-pure losers are Americans from the States. The Mexican is lazy and works only enough to live. If the little, sleepy, woolly burro should become extinct the Mexican would die of a broken heart, for then he would have to work a little harder.

The Spaniards are usually well-to-do, and our good friend, the Hebrew, does all the work and makes most of the money. The American from the States is generally an improvident, lazy fellow, who likes whisky better than work and likes talk better than "do." The scheming is done by but a few and they have a wide berth. The cost of everything is very high, except that of living, which is reasonable. Curiosities are either found here, or are bought East and sold at enormous profit. The Navajo blanket is the one object of the curio hunter, and he generally gets a web blanket so colored and figured at a price that would astonish you. Tell him that he has a Navajo blanket and he will not sell it for $50, but when he gets home he will ascertain that for $6 he could get a pair. The real Navajo blanket is really a very valuable article and will never wear out. A single blanket is worth $20, is bought at $40, and may be had for $2 worth of gaudy truck from the twenty-five cent counter of the dollar store. The Indians hereabouts are quiet and industrious, and the trouble now in the Southwest is caused by the irrepressible Apaches. From my short study of the question generally, there is but one way of handling this nation of Indians and that is with lead. The Arapahoes, the old war-whooping Commanches, the Navajos and all other natives are content with the governmental provision made them; but these develish Apaches are never content and can not be relied upon when not closely watched. The logic of this Government being obliged to watch Indians, who it is providing for and granting free homes to is a something I can not appreciate. White citizens are treated summarily for an infringement of the law, but Mr Lo is given full swing, lots of tobacco and all the whisky that is good for him. Ignorantur non excusat lex, says the law, but the maxim is not applied in the case of these red devils. If the Government feels that it has in any way wronged the Indian let it say so and make a fair divide, but if we propose a continuance of our institutions we had better jump on Mr. Lo with both feet. Not content with a monopoly of cigar signs, pain killers and tobacco brands, he wants the earth and all the whisky. Either this thing must stop or the success of these outbreaks will permeate the milder nations, and sooner or later they will begin to raise hair again, and then we'll have a nice old time. This country wants no more Black Hills affairs, and the loss of one Custer at the hands of the skulking murderers is enough to make every citizen protest against a policy of such conservatism. Selah!

A long and thorough exploration of the mountains I am contemplating, and I will tell you of what I see in another letter. The railroad question I will also study, and give you facts and my opinions relative to them. Selah!

The only religion is the Roman Catholic. Service in the cathedral here is of course the same as in all Catholic churches the world over, but the manner of observing and attention is singularly characteristic of the Mexican people. The edifice is far from completed, though in condition for use. The style is Gothic, and the theory of that particular system is followed throughout the entire building. The arrangement of the body or auditorium proper is strictly defined, and the arches, walls and ceiling are so admirably adjusted; angles and curves so perfectly assimilated that the acoustic properties are certainly the finest that I ever observed. The arches are quartered for ceiling purposes, the central arching meeting in a square about four feet in dimension in the middle of the roof. The large pillars are of red granite, and are covered by a sheeting of galvanized iron. The interior of the heavy arching in the alcoves is of adobe bricks, thus saving the cost and insuring durability. There will be no such thing as falling ceilings in that church for the next several centuries. The congregation is not large, hence the church is never more than one-half filled. The lazy Mexicans lounge about the back part of the church, sitting on the floor and the square corners at the base of each pillar. The Mexican women are the very reality of feminine modesty, and could give points to our finely educated ladies. They appear in solid black, wearing sunbonnet-shaped headgear, shading their faces. They are neat and clean, and how in the name of all that is holy they can stand the filthiness and laziness of the men I can not comprehend. At church the women kneel, and when they sit down they simply continue the kneel at a lesser angle. In other words, they sit on their feet, which they can tuck under them in such a comfortable fashion that the only effect is that they grow pigeon-toed. Leaving the church, many old Mexicans kneel before a large cross in front of the church, and kissing the cross rise and go their way.

I was amazed at the old fellow. I was directly behind him in church; he turned, looked at me for a moment, and then looked away, but proceeded to feel and see if his revolver was secure. I saw the impression or expression on his coat in the neighborhood of his pistol pocket, and I imagined he had a rifle tied in a knot under his coattail.

The beggars come to town early Saturday and stay all day. They walk about and grunt and wheeze their petitions for alms and they stick like flies in August. You tell them to "vamoose" and they shuffle away about three feet and turn to come back. Some of them have saved money obtained by begging, but continue their calling as though starving. You seldom see a beautiful woman or handsome man on the beg.

The Mexican beggar's face can hold more wrinkles than any face in the world. Pour a glass of water on his head and let it trace the wrinkles of his face and you would think he had a sprinkler on his chin. He smokes cigarettes, chews tobacco, begs, creeps about and proceeds in the most admirable manner to get as ugly as possible. This feature of ugliness has so impressed me that I fain would linger in its consideration, but it would be painful. Suffice it to say that they can give odds and beat the elite of New York City in ugliness, and that entitles them to the palm. They are daisies of ugliness, if a comparative distance be allowed to rave the daisy.

Everything and body is so full of antiquity that I don't feel very young myself. The legends of Pueblo villages and tribes are very interesting and entertaining, but you can't resist the temptation to peel the bark of some of the lies and expose them to the light of day. The oldest edifices are churches and they are authentically proven to have stood for over three hundred years.

Mr. Columbus acted very square in discovering America, for he only discovered it to the old world. Then Americus Vespucius jumped the claim and established a fact. Along came the cowboy, Cortez, and proceeded to raise merry hades all along the west bank of the Mississippi, and he discovered that for many years, dubtless centuries, the great West had been peopled by a distinct race from any known nationality. The Incas, of Peru, evaporated northward until lost in descent. Then the Aztecs, beyond question, peopled this entire southwestern territory, and the sciences must bite the dust or recognize centuries of habitation.

The question arises, what did Chris Columbus discover? If the theory of discovery be based upon the absence of habitation, the good Queen Isabella was right in getting mad at being played for a moss back, and enforcing her right to send Chris to the rock-pile.

I am but a humble student and have the right to ask plain questions, hence all egotism I disclaim. If the Aztec or Pueblo or Inca or Mr. Lo inhabited this continent to the extent of millions as confirmed by history, what right has any bull-stabbing Spaniard to claim the discovery of America? True, he discovered the home of the silver-peeled ten-cent onion, Bermuda, and found people who didn't wear fine clothes, get drunk and stab bulls in a ring just for fun. But he did find people who on their knees and with uplifted hands begged of an unknown power protection from harm and the benefits of the earth's bounty. Just here my Jesuitical teaching prompts me to say that the fact of kneeling for petition or to honor was common to both the aborigines of North and South America, and especially the Aztecs. Now, whence this knowledge of the method of expressing subjection and subserviency? And here again another pin: the civilized tendency of the old races was acknowledged in their industries, which produced articles which now attract our attention for the artistic skill of their manufacture.

Verily, our land comes in for a share of the divide at the Tower of Babel.

WILL RYAN.

A Timely Caution.

[Anekdoten Magazin.]

Karl—"Mamma, mayn't I go into the street a bit? The boys say there's a comet to be seen." Mamma—"Well, yes; but don't go too near!"

Where the Money Goes.

[Peoria Transcript.]

It is figured that religion costs the people of the United States half a cent each annually. Now we know where all the money goes to.